

The Tragedie of Hamlet

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seuen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes shall be paid with weighe
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did't perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Masters Daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue
remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for
you, and heere's some for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a
Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a
Dafie, I would giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when
my Father died, they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercie on his soule, and all Christians soules,
God buy yours.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make

Prince of

Make choice of whom you
And they shall heare and iud
If by direct or by collaturall
They find vs toucht, we will
Our crowne, our life, and al
To you in satisfaction; but
Be you content to lend your
And we shall ioyntly labour
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.
His meanes of death, his ob
No Trophæ, Sword, nor Ha
No noble right, nor formall
Cry to be heard as twere fro
That I must call't in question
King. So you shall,
And where th' Offence is, le
I pray you goe with me.

Enter

Hora. What are they tha

Gen. Sea-faring men fir

Hora. Let them come in
I doe not know from what
I should be greeted. If not

Say. God blesse you fir.

Hora. Let him blesse the

Say. A shall fir and pleas
came from the Embassador
name be *Horatio*, as I am le

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou
fellowes some meanes to th
we were two daies old at S
ment gaue vs chase, finding
a compelled valour, and in t
stant they got cleere of our
they haue dealt with me lik
what they did: I am to doe
Letters I haue sent, and re
as thou wouldst flie death